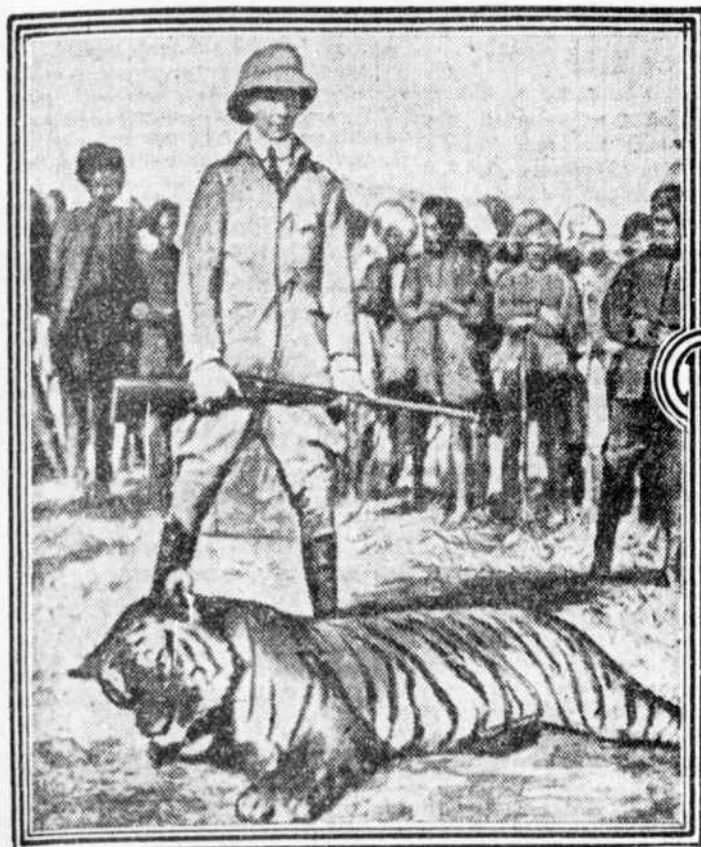


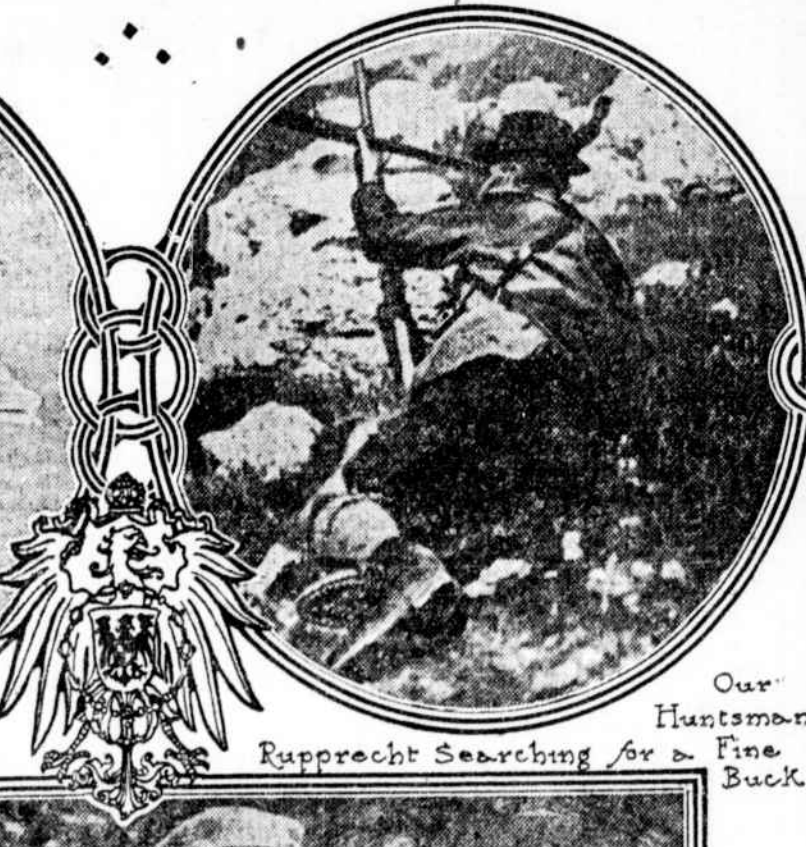
# Germany's Crown Prince Turns from Kingcraft to Write a Hunting Book



My First Tiger.



The Prince and Lieutenant von Gossler Reading After a Day's Sport.



Our Huntsman Rapprecht Searching for a Fine Buck.



A Blackbuck Hunt at Jaspur.

He Tells of Expeditions to Ceylon, India, the Alps, Scotland and the Forests of Germany, Where All Sorts of Fierce and Elusive Animals, Elephants, Tigers, Deer, Surrender to the Persuasion of His Gun.

THERE is always an uncertainty attaching to the whereabouts of that microbe which is defined as literature. It is always equally uncertain just who will be the next victim. No one is immune. Ex-presidents, chorus girls, dressmakers are alike susceptible to the irresistible impulse. It is only natural therefore that the Crown Prince of Germany should surrender to the seductions of this fatal bug. As a matter of fact, he has surrendered—he has written a book.

To the lay mind—that is to say, to the plebeian or unroyal mind—there is something reassuring in this fact. It allays the suspicion, long harbored, that an imperial person is something more than human—a sort of superman. In writing "From My Hunting Day-Book" (the George H. Doran Company, publishers) the prince has accomplished the twofold task of dissipating this suspicion and proclaiming himself a man of modesty.

With true Hohenzollern spirit he disclaims any literary merit—with regard to that, says he, he has no illusions. In the mean time judgment is withheld. Yet the recital of events may hold the interest of many, and credit—a great deal of it—should be given a young man for devoting himself to a serious effort when, for all the difference it made, he might have been idling away the moments or paying silly compliments to some foolish female. It is thus that the royal mind triumphs over circumstances.

Down in Ceylon, where tea brews, a party of four started hunting one day. The start was made in a motor car, though that's of no consequence. There were two Englishmen, one Finkenstein and the Prince. Who Finkenstein is the Prince does not state except to say that he is his friend—of course, a sufficient social guarantee, but a certain natural curiosity is left unsatisfied. A fifth creature went along with the party, but he was only a person, just a common shikari, and, being nobody, he is dismissed to a single sentence. This is as it should be. We will say then that it is a party of four.

The motor car carries them only a short distance when they are compelled by the exigencies of the hunt to alight. They enter the jungle afoot. It had rained, the ground was sodden, and the royal ankles get wet. Moreover, it was least hot and, if the truth must be laid bare, the Imperial Person perspires.

The party of four, with the shikari attached, splash through the boggy water. This lasts for three-quarters of an hour, when something like the rumbling of thunder interrupts the march. It appears upon investigation that an elephant is snoring. There is a mental pause which, though not recorded in the book, is felt through a tangle of thorns and thickets. Three hundred yards further, and the gray, colossal brute looms up, stretched on his side, enjoying his post-prandial sleep.

ROYALTY NERVOUS.

There are just two spots on the elephant's head, either one of which must be aimed at if the hunter's intentions are serious. All this the prince himself explains. It may be that he was a bit nervous, though this seems a trifle odd. It is commonly believed that crown princes attend and survive pink teas, and if this be true, should the matter of an elephant sixty paces away disturb, even though it mores like thunder? However, we must accept the prince's version. He hit too high; that is to say, he missed.

as they had expected. Another minute and there would have been a slain Hohenzollern. But everybody fires, and the elephant, who hasn't been killed yet and who retains a modicum of discretion, decamps. They tramp after him for two hours, when exhaustion overtakes them, and they sit down on the ground—that is to say, in the water.

Rather a neat fight, although nothing was actually killed. Still the lust for blood has found a slight satisfaction, and there is something in that.

"On another day," says the prince (we fancy somewhat sadly), "I shot a slightly smaller elephant."

Fortunately there are always other days. The prince leaves his Ceylon hunting to tell of his victories in India. Here he was the guest of Sir John Hewitt, Governor of the Central Provinces, to whose hospitality he pays ample compliment.

The camps were pitched on the banks of the Sone River upon a grassy lawn shaded by magnificent old trees. The tent of each consists of an ante-room furnished with reclining chairs and table; a sleeping and living room, conveniently arranged with bed, writing table, chairs, electric light; the third room is the bath. Something rather magnificent in the way of camps. The author says they were a jolly, happy company.

THE PRINCE ROMANCES.

"The Fairyland of India" has touched the prince's imagination, and he wants to write about it. He says it is the "call of the East" and that the emotions of those times are not easily forgotten. After all, kingcraft must seem but a dull thing once a man has yielded to the intoxication of liquid nights and riotous days. The prince was very young at that time, not married at all, and it is easy to imagine friend Finkenstein reminding him that there were lions and tigers waiting to be shot. It is no less easy to imagine the young man laying aside his notebook and sighing as he did so.

The tiger is actually waiting. The night previous the decoy—either a calf or a bull—have been tied fast, and the tiger, having made a somewhat substantial meal, lies idle in the jungle. Various emissaries bring reports from the outposts, and at 11 o'clock in the morning the start is made. The horses are elephants. The ride is not all bliss. At 3 o'clock, having reached a stretch of cul-

tivated land, the party dismounts. They find the beaters assembled here—a dark skinned, motley group, about four hundred in number. Instructions are given, and the party moves on. They make their way through thorns and underbrush. Presently an old huntsman calls out something that, translated, means "tiger."

The prince, with his Hindu man, climbs up on a platform built in a small tree and carefully hidden by its foliage. They wait two hours in the blinding Indian sun. It is nerve racking, intolerable.

In the mean time the beaters, in groups of ten, are closing in. Here and there the men are placed in trees to prevent the tiger's escape. This is done by tapping the tree trunk. The prince does not on the tree trunk. He simply states the fact. When man better understands the tiger's spiritual nature the reason will very likely appear.

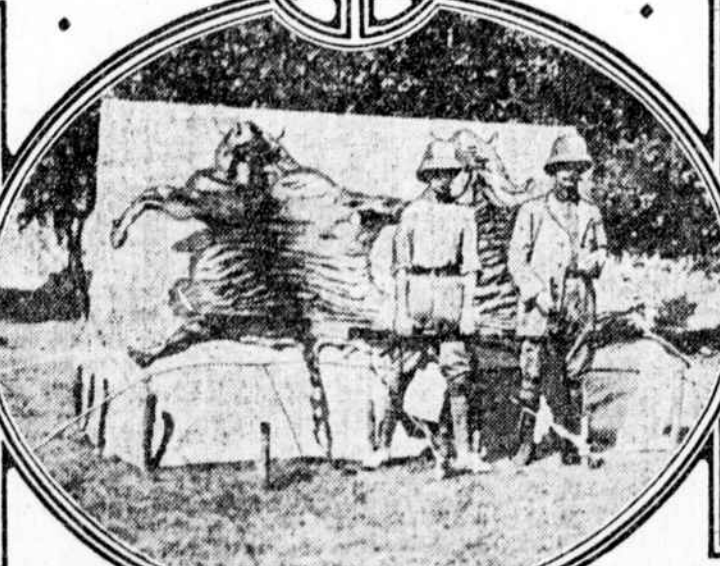
All this time the beaters have been making a hellish noise, to which drums, rattles and howls contribute. It stops



The German Crown Prince and Princess With Their Eldest Son Prince Wilhelm.



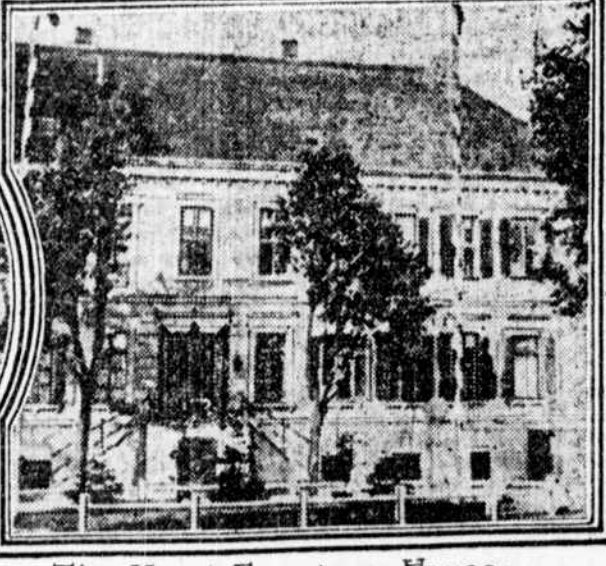
The Shooting-box, Klein-Ellgut. Photographed by the Crown Princess.



My Friend Finkenstein and I With Our Tigers.



A Fine Buck. Shot at Klein-Ellgut.



The Head Foresters House.

The Prince, Like All Sportsmen, Has His Amazing Hunting Story—A Tale of a Phantom Stag Which Appears on a Certain Day Each Year, Only to Disappear When Fired Upon, and Which Legend Says Is Bewitched.

stands still, then, taking a few steps backward, begins sliding to the valley below, disappearing in a cloud of snow.

"Good Lord! his horns—if only he hasn't smashed his horns!" cries Brügger.

THE GREAT WHITE DEATH.

In a little dent on the old avalanche below they can just see one horn. There is only one thing to do—to go down after him. But the going is bad. They reach the edge of the avalanche, and Brügger looks anxious. The prince laughs at him. But they walk with careful steps. The head huntsman cuts steps in the snow, which is frozen hard, making a single long precipice down to the wood. Muckel, the ex-butcher, walks silently behind, holding in an iron grasp the rope which binds them together.

There comes a grinding sound. Brügger leaps back like lightning. Four yards below them the whole mass of frozen snow begins to move and the avalanche sweeps down into the valley. The gray side of the mountain slope lies bare before them. They have scarcely missed the "great white death." They creep back, and making a wide detour, and the chamois buried in the snow. But the quest has become a matter of minor import.

It is good to get back to the hunting lodge, good to drink a stout bumper of port to forget that one terrible moment. Superstition, says the prince, is part of the true sportsman, and since this is so, he must needs tell his "amazing hunting story." It's a story about a stag.

Down in the lovely Mützelburg forest there is an expanse of grass land which turns toward the wood. Every year, on a certain day, a splendid stag appears in a corner of this green expanse. Just three times has the prince fired upon him; just three times has the prince missed him. To the prince, therefore, he is the Phantom Stag. This is a humiliating fact metamorphosed into a diverting tale. The German heir may yet develop into a purely imaginative writer.

However, there is mystery about the stag. The hunter fires. The splendid creature is not hurt; it does not run away—it disappears.

Only this year the prince with his head forester was driving through the Mützelburg forest. They passed for the third or fourth time the corner of a meadow on which a herd with a few

stands still, then, taking a few steps backward, begins sliding to the valley below, disappearing in a cloud of snow.

In Scotland. To an unprejudiced mind, it would seem that the chief sport in Scotland is flirtation, not grouse hunting. The reader's only regret is that the author does not enlarge upon the meagre details given.

The Crown Prince inclines to the opinion that these hunting trips bring him into closer communion with his Creator. It is curious that so much carnage, so much that is wanton and cruel, should have wrought itself into so warped and twisted a conclusion. No, the prince is wrong. It is the contemplation of great things—the free sky, the tumultuous wooded life, the glory of mornings and evenings—that have transformed the man into a wondering child again. The prince has only released what every farmer boy knows when he takes his way into the shadows of a quiet forest.

WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE EASY.

The patent medicine millionaire chewed the end of his half-dollar cigar grimly.

"Yes," he said, "I'm disappointed. I expected to open a branch in Germany and clean up a hundred thousand a year, the same as I do in God's own country, but those Germans!"

Wrath overcame him, and, stamping up and down the pier, he cursed the Vaterland.

"My cure," he said, "is a cure for consumption, paralysis and so forth. Well, when I went to take out a patent on it in Berlin they said it would have to be submitted to the government analyst."

"I submitted it. 'Mere matter of form,' I thought. But do you know what that analyst did? He wrote out a simple, plain report—a report any hoodlum could understand—and he printed it in all the public documents, where any hoodlum could get hold of it."

"This cure," the government report said, "this cure, so-called, for consumption and paralysis and a dozen other diseases, consists of water, a little alcohol and a little castor oil. It can cure nothing—it has no more curative properties than a lump of coal. Its market price is \$1 a bottle, but its actual cost is less than one cent. In a word, the remedy is a pure swindle, and the man who promises that it will cure any disease whatever is a liar and a cheat."

The millionaire hurled his cigar into the bay, vindictively.

"What could I do after that?" he growled. "That killed my chances. I just had to pack up and come home."

He brightened slightly.

"Foreigners, you see, are jealous of us," he said. "They can't stomach our hustle. Anyway, here I am, back in God's own country once more. Back in the land of the free. Back where there's none of this governmental interference and paternalism. By gosh, if things go right, the old cure ought to net me this year a clean half million!"

AN UNJUST DISTINCTION.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker."

"One evening at 10 o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm in arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zigzagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn, and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips."

"Who's that?" one passerby asked another.

"That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur," the other answered.

"What's the matter with them?"

"Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again."

## A RARE VICE.

George W. Perkins at a dinner in Chicago said of laziness:

"Laziness is the rarest of the American business man's vices. Few, indeed, are the American business men who resemble Bob Mead."

"Bob Mead kept a grocery store in my native Chicago. A little girl came in one day and said:

"'Gimme five cents' worth of flour, please.'"

"'Bob' laid down the weekly paper, rose and snarled, as he shuffled toward the flour barrel:

"'Ah, ain't there nobody that sells flour in this here town but me?'"

The very finest chewing gum—sleets—is gathered from the fruit of the sapota, and the Yucatan Indians like it so well that they allow very little to be exported.